

## THE WAVE'S DEATH.

Is it a dream of some sweet unknown land,  
That thrills the trembling wave as it goes?  
What strange, with longing drawn, redoubled  
The eager waters to an unknown strand?  
Unhindered by the tempest's mighty hand,  
From lure of sunny skies and soft winds free,  
They hurry on in passionate ecstasy,  
And, breaking, die upon the faithless sand.  
O, restless soul, whose every yearning breath  
Is full of vague desires and sweet, dim dreams,  
Across thy far horizon glows and gleams  
The dazzling land where passion beckoneth;  
Yet shall thou find, fair as the vision seems,  
Like the lost wave upon the shore, but death.

—Susan Marr Spalding.

## A BAGGAGE SMASHER

Between the stories of Conductor Tom Pope and Sandy McTougal, backed by Sandy McTougal's friends, one gets a pretty good idea of Sandy's remarkable adventure with a voice, or, as Sandy terms it, with the devil in a box.

Tom Pope is conductor and McTougal is baggage master on the Air line, which runs from the Atlantic ocean to "the middle of next week."

"Most astonishing thing, that hunt of Sandy's for a voice," said the conductor, the other night.

"Umph!" grunted Sandy, "that may be way of lookin' at it, but I call it diggin' for the devil, and findin' him."

"Are you going to tell this story?" inquired the conductor.

"Not by a long chalk," McTougal answered.

Then Tom narrates, and very prettily too, how he and Sandy were transferred to night runs in August last, and how lonely the baggage man became because he was cut off from fellows to listen to his stories and offer him cigars.

"You allers smoked 'em, Tom," interrupted Sandy. "I don't smoke, ye know."

"I did get a good many puffs that way, I'll admit," said the conductor.

"They were about the only thing Sandy ever gave that I could get any light out of."

"Are you telling this story?" asked McTougal. "If so, tell it."

"Sandy was lonely and miserable," continued his friend. "Nobody talked to him or gave him a quarter for not smothering his baggage, so he took to brown studies and naps between stations. The night of his voice business?"

"Devil, I tell you," cries Sandy abruptly.

"Was a crowded one," continues Pope, without noticing the interruption. "His car was jam full of luggage."

"And the more trunks Sandy has on board the crosser he gets. There was a camp meeting on a switch-off track, and at the junction I picked up a lot of nobbies passengers who were leaving for other places of amusement, and there was no end of trunks."

"McTougal got things into shape about 11 o'clock, I reckon, and as there's a part of the run where it's a good hour between stations he got ready for a snooze. He picked out the softest trunk in the pile on which to pillow his head, filled back his chair with his feet on the bounds, pulled his hat over his face and went to sleep. How's that, Mac?"

"Quite keereet," responds the baggage master.

"Very well; then you tell it for awhile. I wasn't there, you know."

"It didn't seem 's if I'd been asleep more'n a minute," begins Sandy, "when there was a lively jump of the car an I sort of come to life with a jerk. At the same time I heard, as if 'way off, a noise like some one a-talkin'. But I thought 'twas a brakeman outside, an was jes' a-dozin' off again when right at my ear, in a thin, sharp voice, so thin said, 'Oh, Lord!'"

"I ain't no fool, I ain't," Sandy asserts, throwing back his head defiantly, "an when that tin whisper comes into my ear I jes' half opened my eyes 'specting to see some of the boys around. But not a hivin' thing was visible. So I said to myself, 'I snored; that's what's the matter, an I off goes a-noddin' an dreamin'."

"Then agin I hears that voice. It says quite distinctly, 'I want to get out!'"

"Now, I want a bit mistaken this time. I heard it. But fore I could get my wits together there was a yell soundin' in 'way off."

"That's my death call," says I to myself, instantly calling to mind fellows who had heard like sounds an were dead in less'n a week. Then I says to myself, 'Sandy, don't be a fool! an jumps to my feet as wide awake as I am now."

"It was a woman's snawak, and I could have sworn to it. Then it sung out in tin trumpet style:

"Help! help!"

"I hauled over the tool chest, an the water barrel, and the cupboard in the corner, an looked out on the platform an did everthin' a man could do under the circumstances, to find out what was a-makin' of that fuss. I went to the side door to cool myself, an was a-fannin my face when, blame me! if I didn't hear a cornet start off with the 'Rogues' March,' and a gruff voice follow it with:

"In the midst of life we are in death."

"I yanked my head round, an didn't see nuthin' that wasn't there before. That threw me off my pins. Then a rooster crowed, an a feller with a cold in his nose counted ten forward and then backward, an another cuss, with a bullfrog voice, ordered me: 'Wake up! the devil wants you! You needn't laugh, gentlemen, when I tell you I run; an so'd you if you'd been thar.' I was certain the devil had come for me—late but sure—an I didn't wait for him to ask for my ticket."

Tom Pope at this point broke into a stentorian laugh.

"If, gentlemen, you'd seen Sandy, come flyin' into the car where I was sitting, you would never stop laughing. You may not believe it, but his brown face was as white as your shirt fronts, and his eyes were as big as billiard balls. He dashed down the aisle and whispers in my ear:

"Tom! Tom! Come with me!"

"What's the matter, Mac?" I said.

"Tom, the devil's in my car. He's seen a cuttin' up for half an hour, an

I'm most crazy. If you're my friend come with me!"

"He wasn't drunk, because he doesn't drink. It wasn't religious enthusiasm, because Sandy had no religion. I almost believed he meant what he said, and that he had been called for. I got up in a hurry and followed him."

"I hadn't more than got inside the baggage car when from among the trunks something sung out, 'Shut that door and pull down your vest!'"

"Sandy wanted to fight, then," continued Tom. "He danced around that car like a prize fighter in the ring, until the voice cried out quite loud: 'Damnation! Pahaw! I said to Sandy, 'That's a boxed up parrot.'"

"An then the parrot told you you lied, asserted McTougal."

"Yes," says Tom, cheerfully.

"And then you said—do you remember what you said?"

"No, Mac; but wasn't I at your side when we got into the next coach a second late?"

"We came back with two brakemen," McTougal remarks, continuing. "One of them brakemen looked on top of the car an under it an in it. He stuck to it that there was a ventriloquist about, but gave that idee up when he couldn't find nobody."

"We flung those trunks right and left in a lively style," observed Pope, "but not a thing did we discover—no human living or dead thing—not a place from which the noise came. We were puzzled, you may believe; and if the search had stopped there the road might have been haunted. But the end came. While we were looking in each other's faces, and frightened in being blocked in that sort of way, the voice spoke again. It said very distinctly: 'Let me out! I am dying—dying!'"

"It was under my arm, the voice was," Sandy exclaims, "in a big trunk that had come from camp meeting. I sung out for Jake to run for a doctor, if there was one on the train, an Tom an me put that trunk on the floor as gently as if 'twas glass. 'Twas light enough. We thought the poor thing must be almost a skeleton. I got hold of the sledge-hammer. 'Keep up your courage, man! an I shouted, 'an we'll have you out in a jiffy.'"

"You should have seen Sandy at that moment," says Pope enthusiastically. "He looked a hero, every inch of him. He gave that hammer four sweeping swings. Crash! crash! Rung! tear! Off came the top, and it was flung clean across the car. A pile of light, fleecy stuff followed. A dozen faces looked anxiously into that trunk, expecting to see the body of a dying or dead woman. Sandy seemed beside himself with anxiety."

"We crowded around the trunk and the doctor knelt down beside it. He pulled out a lot of rags very carefully, run his arm down on a prospecting tour, lifted up a great wad of cotton, took a good long look under it, rose to his feet and began to curse everybody and call 'em a pack of fools. Then he changed his tune and began to laugh. I asked him a little angrily what he was making such a fuss about, and if he proposed to take out the body."

"Body! body! ha, ha, ha, ha! See here, gentlemen! and he tossed out the cotton from the trunk, showing a funny looking machine at the bottom. 'This is Stringfellow's phonograph that he's had down to camp meeting,' the doctor said. 'He took one of Edison's concerns and rigged it up so as to go by clockwork. The shaking of the car set it in motion. It's been repeating, parrotlike, only what was told to it by the saints and sinners. Very simple, you see. I won't charge you anything for my visit, conductor. Good night, and off he went."

"Sandy, our friends here want to know how that dream of yours over that trunk ended."

"Oh, they do—do they? Wal, gentlemen, I had to pay the cost of that trunk, an trunks cost in these times. It took a month's salary to do it, which isn't complimentary to the road. I learned one lesson. If I ever want ter open any man's luggage in future I'll smash it in professional style."—E. D. M. in New York News.

**Wonders of Fluorine Gas.**

Silicon, a crystalline substance closely resembling the diamond, exposed to fluorine gas, gives a very beautiful reaction, showers of brilliant spangles being scattered in all directions from the white hot crystals, which are finally melted. As they do not fuse under 2,190 degs. Fahrenheit, one can gain some idea of the immense energy set free during the combination. Both lime and chalk under the same circumstances give a most gorgeous incandescence. Phosphorus, as one might expect, does not fail to illustrate its powerful affinity when exposed to the gas. Prussian blue reacts very beautifully and burns with a pink flame. A crystal of iodine placed in a current of the gas gives a pale flame, and a heavy liquid distills over, which etches glass and hisses like red hot iron when thrown into water.—Chambers' Journal.

**Indian Idols.**

The images of the Gods in India are not made by a separate caste, but the carpenters and masons respectively make the large wooden and stone idols set up in the temples, the potters the clay idols consumed in daily worship, and the braziers, coppersmiths and goldsmiths the little images in brass, copper, mixed metal and gold and silver that are always kept in private homes. The East Indians regard an alloy of brass with six other metals—gold, silver, iron, tin, lead, making with the copper, and zinc of the brass, a mixture of light metals—as a perfect alloy, and this is highly prized as a material for sacred images.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Less Competition.**

Rev. Primrose—My son, I hope you don't fish on Sunday.

Urchin—No, siree. I wait till Monday, when all de men is at work.—Kate Field's Washington.



Mr. Joseph Hensmerick.

An old soldier, came out of the War greatly endeavored by Typhoid Fever, and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with Consumption. He has been in poor health since, until he began to take

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Immediately his cough grew hoarse, night sweats ceased, and he regained his general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially to comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

## Special Attractions

During this Month.

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10—4, \$5.00; worth \$6.00

11—4, 6.25 " 8.00

12—4, 7.50 " 9.50

Blankets may be selected

now and reserved until

wanted.

No deposit required.

**Sewing Machines.**

High Grade Sewing Ma-

chines can be seen at work

on first floor.

Price, \$19, \$25, \$28;

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Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Also, Mondays

from 7 to 9 P. M.

An abstract of the Annual Report made Janu-

ary 1, 1892, to the Board of Control of the State

of New Jersey, and filed in the Department of

the Secretary of State in pursuance of law.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Bonds and mortgages \$125,000 00

Real Estate 2,000 00

U. S. and other bonds 1,500 00

Interest due and accrued 500 00

Office furniture, etc. 500 00

Cash in bank and office 10,775 00

\$130,275 00

LIABILITIES.

Due depositors (including interest) \$120,275 00

Surplus 10,000 00

\$130,275 00

Interest is credited to depositors on the first

days of January and July in each year, for the

three and six months' time ending. Deposits

made on or before the first business day in Janu-

ary, April, July, and October bear interest

from the first day of the month. All interest

when credited at once becomes principal and

bears interest accordingly.

JOSEPH E. DODD, Treasurer.

## MASTER'S SALE OF LAND.

In Chancery of New Jersey—Between Joseph A. Paster et al., complainants, and James F. Wilde et al., defendants, on bill, etc. Decree for sale.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decree made by the Chancellor of the State of New Jersey in the above styled cause, bearing date on the twenty-ninth day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-one, and of an order bearing date on the twenty-seventh day of July in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two, amending said decree, I, Frederick R. Byington, one of the Special Masters of the said Court of Chancery, will sell at public

venue to the highest bidder, on the premises hereinafter particularly described, on Monday, the twelfth day of September, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of said last mentioned day, the premises in said decree and said order mentioned and in said decree as amended described as follows to wit:

First Tract—Situate, lying and being in the Township of Bloomfield, County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, beginning on the southwest side of Newark and Pompton Turnpike Road in Bloomfield Avenue and at the north-west corner of the said David Wilson's land; thence along said Turnpike Road north thirty-three degrees east one chain and seven-tenths links; thence south forty-one degrees west five chains and ten links to Moffat's mill pond; thence westerly along said pond to the line of said lot lately occupied by John Wilde; thence along the line thereof north forty-one degrees east to the said Turnpike Road and place of beginning. Containing fifty-one hundredths of an acre.

Second Tract—Situate, lying and being in the Township of Bloomfield, County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, beginning on the southwest side of the Newark and Pompton Turnpike Road in Bloomfield Avenue and at the north-west corner of the said David Wilson's land; thence along said Turnpike Road north thirty-three degrees east one chain and seven-tenths links to the Bloomfield Railroad; thence along the same south one degree thirty-three minutes east two chains and eight-tenths links; thence south four degrees thirty minutes east two chains; thence further along the same south two degrees thirty minutes east two chains; thence north forty-one degrees east three chains and twenty-one links to the place of beginning. Containing eighty-nine hundredths of an acre. Together with all and singular the hereditaments and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in anywise appertaining. The premises herein above described will be sold second, and as the other parcel.

Given under my hand this twelfth day of August in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two.

ROBERT BYINGTON,  
Special Master in Chancery of New Jersey,  
No. 80 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

GALLAGHER & RICHARDS, Solicitors.

IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.

To Joseph E. Munn and Mrs. Joseph E. Munn.

By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in a cause wherein James C. Beach, Robert J. Beach and Charles D. Crane, executors of James Crane, deceased, are complainants, and you are defendants, you are required to appear, plead, demur, or answer to the complainants' bill, on or before the fifth day of September next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

The said bill is filed to foreclose a certain mortgage made by you, Joseph E. Munn, to James Crane, deceased, in his lifetime on lands in Montclair, Essex County, New Jersey, to secure the payment of twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars, and bearing date June 14th, 1873.

And you said Joseph E. Munn are made defendant because it is alleged in the bill of complaint filed in this cause, that you are the owners of said mortgaged premises, and a decree is prayed foreclosing your equity or redemption therein.

And you said Mrs. Joseph E. Munn are made defendant because the said bill alleges that you have an inchoate estate of dower in said mortgaged premises, and the bill prays for a decree foreclosing any right of redemption that you may have by virtue of said estate.

Dated July 12th, 1892.

GALLAGHER, RICHARDS & DODD,  
Solicitors of Complaintants,  
65 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

ESSEX COUNTY ORPHANS' COURT.

In the matter of the estate of Asahel G. Darin, deceased, administrator of Asahel G. Darin, deceased, having represented to the Court on oath, that the personal and real estate of said deceased is insufficient to pay the debts of the said deceased, according to the best of her knowledge and belief, it is hereby directed and ordered by the Court that the Administrator give public notice to the creditors of the estate to exhibit to said Administrator under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate, within six months, by setting up such notice in five of the most public places in the county, for the space of two months and also by advertising the same for the like period, once a week, in the Bloomfield Citizen, a newspaper printed in this State.

Dated July 7, 1892.

JOHN E. DUSENBERRY, Surrogate.

ESSEX CIRCUIT COURT.—NOTICE

is hereby given that a writ of attachment at the suit of Thomas Milburn against the rights and credits, moneys and effects, goods and chattels, lands and tenements of W. F. Collins, a non-resident debtor, for the sum of seventy-two thousand dollars, issued out of said court on the twenty-fifth day of March, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-two, returnable and returned into court, duly executed by the Sheriff of the County of Essex, in the State of New Jersey, on the first day of April, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-two.

Dated August 18, 1892.

SAMUEL A. SMITH, Clerk.

GALLAGHER, RICHARDS & DODD, Att'ys.

ESTATE OF THOMAS ALBINSON.

Deceased.—Pursuant to the order of John B. Duseberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executors of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

THOMAS H. ALBINSON,  
FREDERICK R. PILCH.

ESTATE OF JOHN BAUSEWEIN, DE-

ceased.—Pursuant to the order of John B. Duseberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

AUGUST BAUSEWEIN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.—NOTICE

is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, Administrator of George Hall, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the eleventh day of September, next.

WILLIAM HALL.

Dated August 2, 1892.

1858. 1892.

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ining, Glazing, etc.; also

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